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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

EDITORIALS—

- NOTES: Walt Whitman's View of Tennyson; Henry George and the Catholic Church; Rev. George F. Pentecost on the Week of Prayer; the Religiousness of Optimism; the Negro on the Negro..... 251
"Locksley Hall Sixty Years After"..... 252

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—

- The Why.—GEORGE W. WEBSTER..... 250
Why do we go to Church?—W. W. FELLOWS..... 253
"The Missionary Section".—EMMA E. MAREAN..... 253
The Patriot's Peace Song.—J. N. SPRIGG..... 255
"The Law of Consequences".—J. C. F. GRUMBINE..... 255

CORRESPONDENCE—

- The Union Church at Gilmanton; Lawyers not Omniscient... 256

THE STUDY TABLE—

- "The Legend of Hamlet"; English Service Books; *Shakespeareana*; "Sonnets and Lyrics"; *The Magazine of American History*..... 256

THE HOME—

- St. Thomas.—J. V. B..... 257

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.....

- ANNOUNCEMENTS..... 259

WALT WHITMAN'S view of Tennyson, as pronounced in *The Critic*, is broad and in good spirit, and rightly accords to the poet a great applause for noble work accomplished. But the objection made by young thinkers of this decade to the despair found in the laureate's recent utterances, which even he seems at times, on return of health, to distrust, is that he practically impeaches a generation which is as ready to give life to Truth as any that has preceded it. Tennyson cannot see through the garb of theories he despises to the beautiful spirit within by which nature finds expression. Whitman is himself a protest against Tennyson the Pessimist. The world fills itself by being the servant of all humanity.

H. L. T.

HENRY GEORGE'S emphatic arraignment of the Catholic church for its shabby treatment of Dr. McGlynn and of reform in general, finds its best confirmation in Archbishop Corrigan's later hint of "instructions", by which the Catholic laity may be forced to desert George and all associated with him in animosity towards ecclesiastical tyranny. It cannot naturally be expected that the great conservative church should with kindly heart tolerate the political schism which time and thought might turn dangerously into theological fields. The many papal encyclicals against democratic aspirations bear but one interpretation, and that against American institutions. Ireland is no instance in contradiction of this, for if England happened to be a Catholic power, the sympathy of the Irish priesthood for home rule would not be so demonstrative. The trust for all wholesome growth in society must rest with the individual, and because this is to be acknowledged, the course of Catholic anathema can have no effect other than to make a part of its laity slaves, and a part of them seceders. The case is weighty in importance.

H. L. T.

REV. GEORGE F. PENTECOST argues in the last *Independent* that the week of prayer, as an institution, ought to be abolished. He believes that, "as it is at present observed, it is not only of no spiritual service to either church or individual, but that it is a positive hurt to both, and an absolute hindrance to the progress of the gospel". Among his reasons for this sweeping condemnation, none seem to us at all strong from an orthodox standpoint, unless it be the accusation that the churches practically say, "We will seek God only during the week in January following the first Monday of each year. If God wants to bless us, let him do it during that week." This is almost as pointed as Theodore Parker's arraignment of the observance of the sabbath, which, he said, was made holy by contrast with the evil that people did the rest of the week.

U.

ALL optimism expresses God. The divine current making for good—the gift of justice for ultimate appeal—the human heart anchored fast to a faith in possible perfection—impart ideal fervor which puts life to a test of dead earnestness and repels impeachment ere uttered or even thought. Men may refuse to give terms of the personal to the Infinite Reality, or may surrender all pretence to the current names of religion out of respect for their own integrity of conscience, and yet the actual nobility of spiritual demeanor which inhabits them is truer title than many could furnish under the world's most pretentious acknowledgements. How can despair make history? And if men trust and labor and give joy for their portion to the needs of the race, is it not grossly an insult for others to seek to sneer such majesty away into atheism? Look to this, with Kingsley's beautiful admonition always in mind! The man to be feared is the man with faith in the God Expedient; all others partake of the glories of Infinite Possibility.

H. L. T.

THE *Independent* for January 6 presents the first of a series of articles, entitled, "The Negro on the Negro", which promise to be very interesting. "In the great mass of literature about the colored race in the United States it is remarkable how little there is that is the colored man's own production." The *Independent* has therefore caused an investigation to be made, as to what the negro thinks of himself. "During the past summer a circular was sent to two hundred representative intelligent colored men and women in all the southern states, to ascertain the prevailing opinion and feelings of the colored people themselves about the relations of the races and the outlook of the colored race." The questions pertained to the following six subjects: First, material prosperity—Are the colored people fast accumulating property? Second—Do the laws or their administration oppress the colored people? Third—Race feeling. Fourth—Civil rights. Fifth—What is the greatest hindrance to the race's advancement, and its most pressing duty? Sixth—The mingling of the races.

The answers given in the *Independent's* first article all pertain to the first subject, material prosperity, and indicate a prevalent idea among these intelligent colored people that the race is doing very well in a material way. We shall watch with interest for the answers upon the other subjects.

U.

"LOCKSLEY HALL SIXTY YEARS AFTER."

Tennyson, the poet-laureate of England, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, has given to the world another volume of poetry. This is good news to the English-reading people everywhere; for, since the death of our own Longfellow, he is unquestionably the most beloved and universally read of all the poets of his generation. But when we learned that the leading poem in this volume was the sequel to "Locksley Hall", there was a pang of anxiety and disappointment. Both the form and matter of "Locksley Hall" have been parodied and criticized, but its liquid lines have more often moved our lives to higher levels and led us to think of

"The fairy tales of Science and the long result of Time;
When the centuries behind us like a fruitful land reposed;
And we clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:

"Then we dipped into the future far as human eye could see;
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be."

In common with thousands of others I want to confess my debt of gratitude to this poem, that has remained one of the most perfect in form and one of the most quickening in matter found in English literature for the last forty years. It was written when the poet was still climbing, before he had reached the summit of his fame, and while his blood was yet red with the new thought of the century. Now the old man of seventy-eight, suffering from a plethora of fame, burdened with trappings of state and with an appreciation that for the last twenty years has put any market value upon his lines which he himself has chosen to name, with one country seat in the Isle of Wight, another in Surrey, and a city home in London, and not very happy in either, titled and gouty, his heart and brain long since creosoted with tobacco, tries to finish the story. The pain that in him sixty years before awakened from sleep the holiest forces of his nature, he mocks in the grandson as boyish babble. About the only thing that seems to give the old man comfort, at least that with which he would strengthen the young man's resolve, is the pride of ancestry:

"Yonder, in that chapel, slowly sinking now into the ground,
Lies the warrior, my forefather, with his feet upon the hound.

"Cross'd! for once he sail'd the sea to crush the Moslem in his pride;
Dead the warrior, dead the cause in which he died.

"Yet how often I and Amy in the mouldering aisle have stood,
Gazing for one pensive moment on the founder of our blood."

He stands there and counts and bemoans the loss of comrades, death of wife and son, sees the marble over the tyrant of his youth, that hard uncle that brought him up—

"All his virtues—I forgive them—black in white above his bones."

And the thought of the dead body at the hall leads him to reconstruct his estimate of the rival who sixty years ago carried away the hand if not the heart of Amy.

He recalls how this rival

"Strove for sixty widow'd years to help his homelier brother men,
Served the poor, and built the cottage, raised the school and drained the fen".

Now all this is natural. It is the afterglow, the backward look, it is fitting that the surviving veteran should mourn his comrades. But the sad thing about this poem is that with the death of his wife and children has gone hope and faith. I could stand his mockery of a young man's heart, and his reading small the sacred experiences of his own (although I deem that wicked sacrilege and high-handed infidelity) if he had not also denied the voice of God that rang in his prophetic soul forty years before, had not said:

"Forward! rang the voices then, and of the many mine was one.
Let us hush this cry of 'Forward', till ten thousand years have gone."

And then he proceeds with the common-places of pessimism to argue that progress is a delusion:

"Love your enemy, bless your haters, said the Greatest of the great;
Christian love among the Churches look'd the twin of heathen hate.

"From the golden alms of Blessing man had coin'd himself a curse.
Rome of Caesar, Rome of Peter, which was crueler? which was worse?"

* * * * *
"Chaos, Cosmos! Cosmos, Chaos! once again the sickening game;
Freedom, free to slay herself, and dying while they shout her name.

"Step by step we gain'd a freedom known to Europe, known to all;
Step by step we rose to greatness,—thro' the tonguesters we may fall.

* * * * *
"Authors—atheist, essayist, moralist, realist, rhymester, play your part,
Paint the mortal shame of Nature with the living hues of Art."

This poem is not wanting in power. The hand of the great artificer in verse has not lost its cunning, and the melody of the old idyl is in the new. Note these lines to the wife:

"She with all the charm of woman, she with all the breadth of man,

"Strong in will and rich in wisdom, Edith, loyal, lowly, sweet,
Feminine to her inmost heart, and feminine to her tender feet.

"Very woman of very woman, nurse of ailing body and mind,
She that link'd again the broken chain that bound me to my kind."

The echo of "In Memoriam" is in this movement:

"Gone forever! Ever? No—for since our dying race began,
Ever, ever, and forever was the leading light of man.

"Those that in barbarian burials kill'd the slave and slew the wife,
Felt within themselves the sacred passion of the second life.

"Indian warriors dream of ampler hunting grounds beyond the night;
Even the black Australian dying hopes he shall return a white."

At the close there is just a touch of the serenity of that old age that is sunset, and though he may not have reached that love universal, that hope for all that ought to enrich old age, he has risen to the power that enables him to overcome hatred towards the individual.

The central thought of the poem is not true. The lives of men are not darkened by science nor cheapened by democracy. Republicanism is not a failure, and the cry of "forward" is not dangerous now, nor has it ever been. Eighty years is too short a time to discover the movement of the hands upon the dial of that clock that ticks off the centuries, the swing of whose pendulum sweeps through epochs and eras. Let him live longer and wider, and our poet will take up the strain of the earlier poem and chant it in still more glowing measures.

The poorest use possible to put old age to is a wet blanket to suppress the eagerness of youth, and unless the years bring us added courage, brighter prospects for the future, let us pray that we may have but few of them. We would not be irreverent in the presence of the aged, but it is gross materialism to regard with a reverence due to authority a mere prolongation of years. With Emerson we do not "count a man's years until there is nothing else to count." "Wherever there is power, there is age."

Who wants to live long enough to undo the noblest work of his life, cheapen the precious message that God through him has sent in to the world? Soul life does not grow palsied, like the body, and the heart need never grow cold and distrustful, as the pages of literature and the noble lives abundantly prove. Emerson's latest word on "The Fortune of the Republic" was a glowing prophecy. Michael Angelo at ninety wrought upon the form of the great Christ, and our own gentle Longfellow sang of the great artist in large and hopeful measures as he died. The genius of destiny is no sluggard, but a man incessantly advancing.

It is hard for an English lord to sing cheerful notes in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Democracy

and not aristocracy, is the garden out of which the garlands of true poesy as well as prophecy are to grow, are growing. It was plain Alfred Tennyson who wrote the "Locksley Hall" that has inspired and will continue to inspire the thoughtful youth of the English world, while it was "Lord Tennyson", wearing the trumpery of a defunct social system, who wrote the "Locksley Hall" that is the "wail of an old man", the power of which appears chiefly by contrast, and which cannot permanently dampen the ardor of the increasing number of people who will continue to believe that

"The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

It cannot permanently deaden the great organ tones that chant man's growing faith in man, his trust in God and hope for the future. That will be heard more and more on public rostrum, in legislative halls and from behind the sacred altars of religion.

"Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing groves of change.
Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day."

Contributed Articles.

THE WHY.

Beside his window on a cold, wet day,
He looked out sadly on the lifeless gray;
A little waif stands shivering o'er the way.

"Ah me!" he sighs, "can love be so unkind
To send his storms upon a houseless hind?
The very window-panes with grief are blind."

Swift years have fled; they two sit side by side
At the same window on the stormy tide,
Knowing why God doth send the tempest wide.

GEORGE W. WEBSTER.

GENEVA, Ohio.

WHY DO WE GO TO CHURCH?

The above is the heading of a recent article in one of our monthlies. The writer is a lawyer. He answers the inquiry that our motive in attending church is "distinctly religious". We credit the gentleman with having judged others by himself. Now, may one who has been a pastor for several years, review the question in an honest way? The motive assigned above is honoring to human nature and dignified. It is the truest motive. But we hardly think it is the prevailing motive. Doubtless, it is one of the motives of some who attend church, but only one of many motives. There are a few who attend church solely for religion's sake; but—honor bright!—they are very few. The prevailing motive is social. Has society almost swallowed up the church? We had nearly said so. The church is the stranger's avenue into society. In large cities one can scarcely reach society any other way. This may be an excellent purpose for the church to serve, but it is hardly religious. Yes, persons *join* the church to reach society. Men seldom do, but women often do. I appeal to pastors whether this is not often the real, underlying motive. These persons have given very little serious thought or feeling to the subject of religion—being very far, like most church attendants and church members, from making a *study* of the subject. People do not expect to solve any other department of learning, or of life, without research and consideration. But religion—no light or confined subject—seems to be arrived at intuitively, as much as it is arrived at at all. No doubt intuition very properly plays a part in the matter of personal religion, but it does not solve the subject. Indeed, intuition here,

as elsewhere, is exceedingly liable to errors unless enlightened by knowledge and restrained and directed by reason. Failing here accounts for the unreal, blind, erroneous and fluctuating ideas and convictions concerning religion; accounts for the idle and wanton assent to profound creeds; accounts for the listless conning of rituals; accounts for the reckless yeas and nays uttered to priests. Has it ever been remarked how nearly these careless responses border on perjury? Perjury does not depend on whether statements made by the witness are true or untrue, but on whether the witness knows the statements to be true. If his statements are true, and he does not know them to be true, he is guilty of perjury.

But another motive in church-going is pride or vanity, as the case may be—the desire to see the styles and have our style seen. To such an extreme has this gone that hardly will a member of a "representative", "fashionable" church attend the Easter service without the Easter bonnet, without the spring frock. To do so would make the person exceedingly uncomfortable, if, indeed, it would not socially stigmatize her. Those who have done so have inspired a sort of heroine-worship—in touching little stories for girls: "What Mrs. Jones Did with Her Easter-Bonnet Money", or "How Mrs. Smith Disposed of Her Spring-Frock". These folks helped some poor family. And an additional point is that a woman who can do this is a heroine. It ought not to be so, but it is. She is not a heroine because she gives to the poor, but because she dares to beard the social lion in his den by singing Christ's happy Easter in her old clothes. What a sacrifice!

People go to church because they have contracted the habit. Men, largely, go to church to please their wives or to set an example to their children. Women often attend, and even join, church to please the pastor or because of his much importunity. They admire his character, honor his spirit, or pity him in his "thankless vocation". By the way, don't pity him. He is sustained by angels' food—the manna of love. He does not look from your standpoint—is not so discouraged as you imagine. Why, he is renewed from altars where burn the "uncreated fires".

Once more, are not several large churches attended through curiosity or through the love of debate, sensation, eloquence, literature, or infidelity? We are not condemning all the motives mentioned, but are only saying they are not religious. Most of these motives are not unworthy, especially in seasons and places appropriate to them. Indeed, they are very useful in the way of leading people to church. Still, how far they fall below the motive appropriate to church-going. And how far are pastors responsible for the lowering of the object of church attendance? Have they pandered to the less lofty desires of their flocks? Religion, earnest, warm, positive religion, will both elevate the motive and increase the congregation.

W. W. FELLOWS.

CHICAGO.

"THE MISSIONARY SECTION."

A REPORT READ AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF ALL SOULS CHURCH,
CHICAGO.

When I prepared my annual report last year I made a mistake which first became evident to me later. I took for granted that the people of All Souls were already familiar with that work which in a liberal church might properly come under the general name of the missionary work. You will pardon me, therefore, if in addition to the figures which constitute my report I try to give you some idea of the work itself. To the missionary section is intrusted, first, the fulfillment of those responsibilities which rest on us as regards our neighbors; and, secondly, the part we ought to take in the activities undertaken by the denomination as a whole. Its first work has been the Post-office Mission, or the sending of our liberal literature to those unable for any reason to get it for themselves. We do not attempt to force our opinions on those who do not care for them nor

to argue others out of established convictions. Without this there is more to be done than we have workers for. It is not easy to explain to you who have at hand already far too much reading, the pleasure which may come with one's first glimpse of an illustrated magazine, nor the comfort and delight of a new thought. All through the west are people who can no longer accept the old doctrines of a theology once found satisfying, but who know not how to separate them from that religion which ought to bring daily comfort and strength. Perhaps some of you have experienced in your own lives the fear and the struggle which comes with such an unsettling. To these we have our sure message. During the spring months we did little more than keep up with the few correspondents of the year before, of whom I told you last year, but in the early autumn I put an advertisement in the *Weekly Times* for three months' insertion: "Unitarian and other liberal literature may be had free upon application." Since then not a week has gone by without bringing to me three or four calls for our word of a freer thought, until now we send regularly to nearly thirty people. Of course it now and then happens that I receive a letter written only from curiosity, but most of them come from earnest thinkers. Most of them come, too, from people in the lower conditions of life, and to me it is no longer an open question, "Has Unitarianism any word for the masses"? Many are glad to co-operate with us by sending in their turn to others whom they know. The letters have come from Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, Idaho, Massachusetts, and one call was sent over the waters from Dresden, Germany. Perhaps you will be interested in a few extracts from some of the letters. One man writes: "I did not know until last spring where I stood. Now I find that I have been a Unitarian ever since I could reason, and the more I read the more I rejoice over its principles. Since I began reading I have interested my neighbors, and many of them have had their old prejudices quite removed." I have hopes that we may help him establish a Sunday Circle there for maintaining some kind of a simple service. I am interested also in a coal miner of this state, who writes in manly fashion of his life and thoughts. By the way, is there anything in mining to make men care more for the light of a clear faith? I have received three letters lately from miners in different places. Hear the word of another: "Your mission has been a great blessing to me. I have belonged to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church for the last ten years, but within four years my belief has undergone a great change, and I find myself no longer in sympathy with much I hear preached." Then, after giving a history of the conclusions he had reached by his own thought, he says: "I find myself in full sympathy with nearly everything you send me, and I cannot tell you the relief it is to me to find that other people have gone through this all and that I am not alone in my faith. It does me good to know that others are traveling the same road, even if I cannot reach them."

Then we have the name of a prominent Sunday-school worker in an orthodox church on our lists, who was moved by the questioning of one of his scholars to investigate a little for himself. I do not think he will ever avow himself a Unitarian, but I know that his own views are modified and that he can never again be indifferent to the broader theology. One of the most earnest and interested of our outside parishioners (one, too, who contributed to the building of our church out of the sum she receives for working in an office all the week) is a young woman in Massachusetts, pursuing under our guidance a course of Bible study at which I confess I should hesitate. Of course here the plan of work came from Mr. Jones himself.

[Two or three letters read in the report are too personal to be put in print.]

Now this is your work, it is the work of All Souls church. It is not *my* work; if it were, I should not bring it before

you. Now hasn't it proved, in the help and strength we have given through the year to others, that it is worth doing? Not long ago I received in answer to a note I sent out the following response: "When you want a dollar for charity, I will give it to you, but I am not interested in denominational work." Friends, isn't the starvation of the soul something? Isn't it something that we have given to this coal miner,—a strength and peace that makes him work better for his little one at home? Take away the inward helps of a man and it will not be long before he may well need your dollar for charity. Give a man a new hope for this world, the conviction that his struggles are not in vain, and a new self-reliance, and he will not be so likely to need your dollar for something to eat. I believe in charity. I think you know I do, but I believe also that this missionary section holds its own legitimate place in our church work.

But the missionary section has other duties. It is here to further the far greater work done by Unitarians as a denomination. Here I must generalize, for there is no time this evening to go into details, where it is not difficult for each one of you to know all about it. And you ought to know about it, too, and be glad of it. It helps to build churches, it prints the message of a cheering faith for those waiting for it, it sends its helper among the Crow Indians to do a little towards making up for the injustice done to them during more than a century of dishonor; it helps support the gospel of free education in the South, the true solution of national questions; here in the West it holds up with unwavering loyalty the standard of an inclusive religion, saying that the conditions of the higher life which Jesus recognized do not need modification at our hands, a religion which I believe is worth living to maintain and worth sacrificing for. This appeals to every one of us who holds his own faith dear, and thus it is that each November we take up our subscription for this work. Now understand me: At the beginning of each year some of you in joining the S. C. S. M., or the working side of our church, say you wish your dollar to go for the missionary work. Now that dollar goes to the Post-office Mission or home work. In November comes the general appeal to all for the general work. Now the figures: Received for Post-office Mission work in yearly subscriptions, \$22.50, and I have expended for material, advertising, stamps, record books or the necessary tools, \$21.39, which leaves me \$1.11 to begin this year with. Now I made mistakes last spring. I had to experiment a little, especially with the advertising, and I thus incurred some expenses which will not come again this year, and it was the same with the expense of record books, bought for the advantage of the central work, which is furthered by carefulness in keeping all accounts. For the same amount of money next year, we can do double the amount of work. I am sorry for my bungling, but I acted with the advice of older workers in this field. This section has also to record the raising and expending of \$25 to help lift the historic church of Charleston out of the earthquake horror and shock; also ten dollars to help start the first liberal Holland church in America, under the immediate inspiration of the great scholar Kuenen, to whom modern thought owes much.

We raised \$25.00 for printing and putting in tract form Mr. Jones's sermon on "What is it to be a Christian", and \$15.00 were contributed to print the sermon "The Divine Benediction". The church took up in two special Sunday collections \$40.00 to help defray expenses of the pastor and delegates to represent the church in the Western Conference last May and at the Saratoga National Conference in September. No record has been made of a considerable part of the expense of postage in the Post-office Mission work, nor does this report include any mention of the missionary tours of Mr. Jones.

The November collection for the conferences brought us in \$161.50, and this gives us as the total sum representing the missionary contributions of the church, \$299.00, and I might as well say here that I expect before this evening is

over some one here will give me another dollar for the Western Conference, which will make it an even \$300.00.

To go back for a moment to the November collection. It was divided as follows: to the Sunday-school Society, the Woman's Western Conference, the American Unitarian Association, the Church Building Loan Fund, each \$20.00; to the state work, represented by the Illinois Fraternity, \$30.00, and to the Western Conference the remaining sum of \$51.50. This sum was contributed by sixty-nine different families or seventy-seven different persons.

To me this collection means much. It has been a help to me in believing that we are beginning to stand together as a church, not simply as people who meet together to hear Mr. Jones preach. We all know how much we owe to him and the inspiration he has put in our lives, but we shall never properly fulfill our obligations to him until we recognize that our loyalty must not end with him even though with many of us it must necessarily begin there. The truth back of him is far greater than the man himself and demands an enthusiasm and a steadiness like his own. It was said to me this last fall, "If Mr. Jones should die, your church wouldn't last a year." I think these contributions for the faith of our hearts are an evidence that it would, and that we have begun to build not for the day only but for the eternal years.

EMMA E. MAREAN.

THE PATRIOT'S PEACE SONG.

[Sung at the Dedication of the Illinois Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, Quincy, October 20, 1886.]

When strife is lost in brotherhood
And greatness shall be one with good,
When graves from treason's poison rust
Are hollowed by the freeman's dust;
When round the earth by land and sea
Peace reigns in holy ministry,
Then first of all in templed fame
Will stand the hero patriot's name.

Through deep and sordid selfishness,
Where force grew rank on low distress,
Through fawning smile and royal frown
Where tyrants stalked and right went down,
Through darkening age, forgetting God,
Where nations felt the chastening rod,
The patriot heralds clear and free
A growing life of liberty.

He sleeps! 'neath crumbling marble walls,
He sleeps! the unknown brave. He falls
Beside the way, while creeping age—
Though war could not—concludes the page.
Let children call him "father", "friend",
Let peace in endless tribute lend
Her monument that deeper grace,
The gratitude of all the race.

My country! O my country fair,
The name a message everywhere,
A token of the nobler time
Of fellowship in peace sublime.
Land for the weak and the oppressed!
Land by the ties of kindred blessed!
Land of the freeman's home fireside!
Land of the patriot glorified!

J. N. SPRIGG.

QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

"THE LAW OF CONSEQUENCES."

Rev. S. R. Calthrop preached not long ago on the kingdom of God and explained the phrase somewhat by saying that it is the experience of the righteous. He alluded to a law of consequences in nature, a law by which the grass grows, the stone falls, the sun shines, the wind blows and beauty fills the earth. He noticed a decided absence in the

churches of this law. The kingdom of God is represented as something foreign to and by no means related to this law of consequences. It is simply a cloak; it is a masque. Not being on duty I brushed hastily through the snow and storm (which by the way Mr. Calthrop himself had predicted) and was ushered to a seat in the beautiful Unitarian church. After the sermon I thought, on my way home, how applicable indeed was this law of consequences to the sermon of the pastor, the beauty of the edifice, the devotion of the people. There seemed to be a lack of the unnatural. Everything was in harmony with the universal soul. Is it ever so when the people have left the temple, "have gone down" as the Old Testament would say, from the house of God to mingle with the world? Do we make our business life, home life, church life one in spirit? I sit in my study looking out upon the cold, snowy, blustering day. How many thousands in our great cities live in just such weather of the spirit. The woman in the street scolds the biting wind that trifles with her bonnet. The preacher in a hurry to read the report of his sermon in the morning paper forgets to ask grace at breakfast. The woman above us in our house cries because she has no soft water with which to wash her clothes. The baby tosses the milk on the floor because the dog is unkind. Willie bursts a bag of flour in the snow on the street. The father scolds because the fire goes out and increases his rage because the coal is out in the bin. So Monday comes in with a storm and we begin to think "what a beautiful day Sunday was, when we were at church and what a contrast is Monday." We can make Monday as good as Sunday and every day a step to God by trying to be good, wise and true. Hell and heaven are consequences and life is just what we help to make it. The home will be as beautiful as the hour we spend in church if we live in the home as we live in the church. Goodness everywhere will make us happy, sin will make us miserable.

SYRACUSE, New York.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

Correspondence.

DEAR UNITY:—The Union Church at Gilmanton, Wis., the organization of which was completed nearly a year ago by the assistance of N. C. Earl, who was then called to be its pastor, has been rent in twain. When Mr. Earl came here last winter in response to an invitation which had been sent to Rev. T. G. Owen, of Arcadia, he found that the people were entirely destitute of religious meetings of any kind, and had been in that condition for a long time. They had no suitable place to hold meetings, the only available place being a very poor hall. They had commenced the building of a union church, to be free to all religious denominations, but it had nearly come to a stand-still. Most of the people were what are called "outsiders". There were two or three Methodists, two or three Baptists and about half a dozen Adventists, and the remainder were outside of all church organizations. As there were not enough of any one sect to accomplish anything alone they were all anxious to form a union church, and they entered into it heartily. Everything went on smoothly for awhile. Then the Methodists dropped off. (It is supposed that the new minister was labeled "heretic" by a neighboring M. E. Rev.) However, we prospered and finished the church. The congregation increased during the summer, the attendance some Sundays being eighty or upwards. Open hostilities were not commenced until late in the fall, after our minister, by a good deal of hard work and a good deal of begging of funds, had got the church finished. Then these two or three *gospel babes*, who were starving for the good old theological pap, got a Methodist minister from a neighboring town to come and preach on week day evenings. He came with the avowed intention (so reported) of "running Earl out", and he tried his "level best" to accomplish his object. But Earl was not disposed to run, and so he stood his ground and still holds

his position. The M. E. Reverend commenced a series of "revival meetings", which he conducted for several nights. He made no new converts, and only succeeded in forming a class of four "old professors".

Our friends, finding that the union church was divided into two parties and that no business could be transacted under the old organization but such as both parties had a common interest in, saw the necessity of organizing a new society for the transaction of our own business.

This morning, after the close of morning service, we organized a society to be known as the *Unitarian Society at Gilmanton, Wisconsin*, and elected officers for the ensuing year. The new society numbers thirty members, and a number of persons who were not present to-day will unite with us and raise the membership to forty or more. Of course we still hold our interest in the union church the same as before.

NATHANIEL THE HERMIT.

GILMANTON, Wis.

EDITOR OF UNITY: Your correspondent, H. D. C., seems in his communication published in UNITY the 25th ult., to forget that *lawyers* as well as *courts* are not *omniscient*. At least I cannot in any other way account for his speaking of an oath "to defend no prisoner *known* to be guilty", as one which if "administered everywhere", "is so generally ignored".

I have myself never before heard of any such oath being administered to any member of the profession anywhere; and strongly mistrust that there is some mistake about it in this case.

Be this as it may, it is a fact well known to the profession, that the number of cases in which the lawyer *knows* his client to be guilty is *wonderfully* less than is popularly supposed. In the spring of '84, the gentleman who I think was then generally acknowledged the most eminent of the Wisconsin bar, told me that in an active practice of nearly twenty-four years, *no* client of his had *ever* confessed to him his guilt. Yet at times popular indignation had run high because of some of his clients (whom "everybody knew" to be guilty) being acquitted.

For my own part, I consider it the *solemn duty* of every member of the profession (at least of every member of sufficient prominence to exert a marked influence in the formation of "professional ethics") *never* to refuse to defend a prisoner because he *believes* him guilty, unless that belief is based upon grounds that would justify the court in imposing sentence without a verdict—i. e., an *absolute knowledge* of the prisoner's *calm, intelligent* confession of guilt. I think it is no exaggeration to say that the better part of the profession have no such knowledge in ninety-nine out of a hundred of the cases in which they are popularly supposed to "know the prisoner to be guilty".

W. F. M., LAWYER.

THORP, Wisconsin, January 10.

The Study Table.

The Legend of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, as found in the Works of Saxo Grammaticus and other writers of the Twelfth Century. By George P. Hansen, Late U. S. Consul at Elsinore, in Denmark. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company. 1887. Square 18mo, pp. 57. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

This little work being handed the writer for review, was begun as a duty, but speedily became a pleasure and so continued to the end. It has been known long, of course, to readers of Shakespeare, that the sources of the legend of Hamlet are to be found in the old Danish chronicle of Saxo Grammaticus. This old Danish history has been translated into German; but we know of no such detailed account of the legend in English as this little book contains, garnished with several long and very interesting translations from the old Danish historian. The whole is given in lively and entertaining style. It is good writing. Even apart

from its interest in connection with Shakespearean history, it is very interesting reading intrinsically, especially to those who enjoy the quaint forms and incidents of folk lore.

This little volume is divided into four parts. First, the source of the legend; second, Hamlet, his ancestors and birth place; third, the legend, which is the longest part, as naturally it would be; fourth, Hamlet's burial-place.

J. V. B.

Prayers and Ministries for Public Worship: in Eleven Services. Arranged by Peter Dean. 4d.

Services and Prayers for Sunday-schools. Compiled by Dendy Agate. 6d.

Devotions and Meditations with Responses: For use in Children's Services and Sunday-schools. Arranged by Alice E. Willson. In boards, 6d; in cloth, 9d.

All three from the English Unitarian Headquarters, Essex Hall, Strand, London, W.C.

These three little English books, all born within a twelve-month, show that over the sea, as here, the longing grows for nobler services of worship than those we Unitarians have been used to. How comes it,—what is the reason in history or in our temperament,—that the Church most congregational in its forms of government has thus far so little right to the title "Congregational" in virtue of its forms of worship?

Mr. Dean's book, already tested by seven years of usage, now appears enlarged and enriched. It may be described as a theistic Book of Common Prayer, without the Christologic elements which in so many prayer-books make the worship historic rather than immediate. The order of service proceeds by "invocation", "exhortation", a "ministry", i. e., a responsive prayer in which the people's part can be either said or sung, "prayer" by the minister, a "collect", and "doxology",—proceeds by these with hymns and Bible "lessons" towards the sermon. There are eight services, one of General Worship, others called respectively Adoration, Aspiration, Resignation, Thanksgiving, Contrition, Avoidance, Duty; and, besides these, a "Dedication of Children", a Marriage and a Funeral service. All the responsive prayers have been set to music, which can be supplied to congregations preferring chants to readings. All this (save the music) in a 64 page book of "Little Classic" size, with double columns and small, clear type, neatly bound in cloth, for fourpence. What Book of Common Prayer is wholly satisfactory? But the frequent noble wordings of this little volume, and the missionary price at which it is offered, make it well worth examination by ministers and congregations desiring a liturgy.

Mr. Agate's book contains four morning and four afternoon services, with special prayers and collects at the end. An opening sentence or two, a short Bible psalm spaced for chanting, a prayer, and a few more responses, make up each service. It is meant for Sunday-schools, but seems to us better fitted for grown-up congregations that wish a very simple liturgy, and one in which a reverent discipleship of Jesus is emphasized.

Alice Willson's responsive "Devotions and Meditations" has been already noticed by UNITY, we think, but as a comrade of these other English books it deserves another word. It is not offered as a complete service book, but, as its title says, "for use in children's services and Sunday-schools". Of the first twenty-six themes, every second one is a responsive prayer, and of these prayers each second one is called "Confession and Aspiration". Among other titles are "The Creator's Nearness", "Love to God and Man", "The Soul's Dedication", "The Soul's Aspiration", "Thoughts of God", "Truth", "Belief", "Anger", "The Spiritual Life", "The Future Life". The book is largely biblical, but is not *Zionistic*. The words, whether old or new, have evidently risen freshly out of a soul's experience, out of a present trier's life: the writer has simply, but carefully, thrown her own ideal and aspiration into child-forms and pluralized it. And the result is something very good indeed, a kind of children's "Imitation of Christ" without

any over-dwelling on the name. What does it lack? Poetry, we should say,—more words with the vanishings of pictures in them; this, and a little more of the delight of life, of the child-heart's natural hallelujah. But there is much in this little book to borrow, if we may, for our Sunday-schools, and much that would make it a beautiful home-service book at the morning greeting, the mother or father reading the teacher's part, the children taking their own. W. C. G.

Shakespeareana. Philadelphia: Leonard Scott Publication Co.

A magazine is fortunate that can support itself on a specialty. *Shakespeareana* opens the new year with a valuable number. It has an article called "Why the Midsummer Night's Dream was Written". But the most valuable feature seems to us the composite article, or, perhaps we should say, department, called "A School of Shakespeare", devoted in this number to the "Merchant of Venice", and full of hints and plans for the study of that play.

J. V. B.

Sonnets and Lyrics. By Helen Hunt Jackson (H. H.). Boston: Roberts Bros.

This slightly little volume of about 130 pages will not increase the reputation of H. H.; neither will it harm that reputation. The beautiful things she has written remain as beautiful, as distinctively themselves, as before; these posthumous poems are simply added to them, and not unworthily. We have read them all, and have marked many places, because as we read they aroused that gratitude which follows contemplation of beauty. The poem called "Refrain" is very beautiful. A characteristic of the poetry of H. H. is thought. Her's is verse that feeds the judgment and appeals to reflection as well as charms the sense of beauty.

J. V. B.

The Magazine of American History for January. 30 Lafayette Place, N. Y.

This magazine devoted conscientiously to its specialty, comes handsomely printed as usual. It opens with a frontispiece, which is a portrait of Arthur, the late president. The first article is devoted to the "Beginnings of Journalism in America" with the title "A Group of Pre-Revolutionary Editors". The article is illustrated with pictures and, more interesting still, fac-similes of the headings of sundry newspapers issued in many different parts of the country before the revolution.

J. V. B.

The Dome.

ST. THOMAS.

This is a very bright day on which I am writing. It is early in the morning. I have just come to my study, whither I have to walk half a mile through the brisk air. Every breath is life. It seems as if the atmosphere were some living substance, and I breathing in life as one takes water for thirst or food for nourishment. The sun shines gloriously, and the earth is covered with new snow. The air is cold; nothing is melting. The sun glorifies every atom without destroying its shape. I have walked as if gliding, not knowing distance nor knowing that I touched the ground, being so full of life because everything around me seemed living. For as a heart that is in good state will rejoice with them that rejoice and weep with them that weep, so will a soul that has any life have more when it walks where life is. As thus I came sailing through the air, for so it seemed, I looked at the sun and bethought me that he was not shining by his own beams, but had come out of heaven and brought some of the light of the "City of God" with him. For all this splendor means more than that my eyes can pick the way of my feet. It means a goodness from which the light shines; and this is as glorious as the light. So thinking, suddenly the sun appeared to me as a picture or keepsake. Was this daring that it should seem so? I know not. The thought came to har-

bor in me, whence I know not; for who can tell the clear-ance port of his thoughts? But as I might take from a pouch a picture or other keepsake of a dear friend, and looking on it see my friend with my heart's eye and mind's eye, while only the picture or keepsake of him filled the orbs of my head, so I looked at the sun as a token, almost as if it lay in my hand, of an infinite Friend whose goodness it shines with.

But why write of this now? Because when this glorious morning laid its hand on me, I was just about to write for you a story of St. Thomas. After what I have written before, you will not wonder that I call it a true story, and you will understand why I call it so. Before I tell the story, call to your minds how precious and tender are the associations which some little article may have with a person whom we have loved. These we call keepsakes. It might be a little gift or a picture, or something our friend has used, or even only some place where he has lived; all of these things seem full of him and so precious to us,—as the face or the hand or the whole body of our friend is precious to us, because full of him. Now, when anyone is so good and so great as to be loved by all the world, anything he touches or that belongs to him becomes sacred everywhere; for it is a keepsake of him, a token which brings his presence and words from the store-house of memory to the heart's living-room. Wherefore trains of pilgrims will go from every quarter to look at the house, the streets and the temple in which such a spirit lived, or the sepulcher in which the body, that once was full of him, was laid away. Now, when anything has become a keepsake or reminder of such a great and beautiful person, because he touched it or it belonged to him, then it seems to partake of his power; for it can thrill and stir us and quicken great thoughts in us and good purposes, and help us, even as his presence.

Now, are not these true thoughts? Whence, is not any story that means these thoughts a true story? Not true in the incidents, perhaps, as before I have told you. But the incidents are only one part of the language of the story. Often they make a very quaint, queer and curious language; a dead language, indeed, for we speak not in that way any more. But though the incidents be very strange and could not have happened, yet the story which they make surely belongs to the true things of this earth if it means true thoughts. Now, here I will tell you a story of St. Thomas which you will see has a very strange language of incidents but speaks the truth in that language:

St. Thomas, as you may read in the twentieth chapter of the fourth gospel, doubted whether his master, Jesus, had risen from the grave; nay, he would not believe until he had put his hand into the wound in Jesus' side. Afterward St. Thomas, like all the rest, died and his body passed away into the earth, except the arm and hand which had touched his risen Lord. Nothing could destroy that. So when men found it would not die or waste away, they began to visit it with awe and reverence. At last some man, bolder than the others, put a piece of paper in St. Thomas' hand, and this piece of paper had written on it something that was false, and the hand of St. Thomas instantly threw it away. Then they put it back in the hand, but again it was thrown away. Then they said, Let us see if the hand will keep anything. So they put in it a leaf from the Scripture, and the hand held it. Then the men understood that the hand of St. Thomas, which had touched his Master, who was so true and so good, would hold anything that was true, and would throw away the untrue. So then they began to bring to the hand their causes, difficulties and questions between man and man; and the hand judged for them. For if a wrong bill or unjust accusation was put in the hand instantly it was thrown away; but if the cause was a right cause, then the hand held it. So the hand of St. Thomas became the judge of the causes of all the people, and they continued to bring their suits to the hand, and justice was done and the people were at peace.

J. V. B.

UNITY

AND THE UNIVERSITY.

Editors, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, David Utter, James Vila Blake, William C. Gannett, John C. Learned, Henry M. Simmons, Frederick L. Hosmer; Special Editorial Contributors, John E. Fonger, Charles Douglas, Judson Fisher, Edwin E. Champlin, Horace L. Traubel, H. Tamba Lyche, Celia P. Wootley, Emma Bradleott Mearan, Ellen T. Leonard, and others; Office Editor, Charles H. Kerr. The editors assume no responsibility for the opinions expressed by correspondents. Communications must be marked with the real name of the writer, though not necessarily for publication.

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Notes from the Field.

Chicago.—All Souls Church held its annual business meeting in connection with a social supper on Friday evening, January 7. About a hundred and fifty members were present, and a delightfully informal social evening was enjoyed. About half past eight o'clock the meeting was called to order for business by Mr. F. D. Patterson, chairman of the board of trustees, who briefly reviewed the good year's work and happy prospects of the society. Mr. G. W. McKee, secretary of the society, read a brief report of the "fourth and most prosperous" year's work, which covered the completion and dedication of the present church building. Mr. E. C. Spinney, treasurer, reported in detail on the finances of the society. The amount raised from subscriptions (the seats in this church being free) was \$1,971.50; from collections \$774.39, of which \$398.75 were collected since the opening of the new church home, September 12. From the amount thus raised the necessary current expenses, including rent of hall for first part of the year, fuel, gas, insurance, etc., were paid, and the remainder, \$1,773.66, constituted the minister's salary. Reports of the various working "sections" of the church were read, the social section by Mrs. J. M. Ware, the Sunday-school section by Mrs. E. T. Leonard, and the missionary section (printed in full on another page) by Mrs. E. E. Mearan. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Trustees, F. D. Patterson, S. W. Lamson, D. J. Whiting; secretary, George W. McKee; treasurer, E. C. Spinney; chairman of social section, Mrs. S. W. Lamson; of charitable section, Mrs. J. A. Perkins; of Sunday-school section, Mrs. E. T. Leonard; of missionary section, Mrs. E. E. Mearan. After the formal adjournment another half hour of pleasant social converse brought a close to an evening of enjoyment and encouragement. —An audience of 600 or 700 assembled at Central Music Hall last Sunday evening for the first of a series of popular religious meetings to be conducted by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones. So large an audience in spite of the quite inadequate announcement of the meeting is encouraging, and future meetings of the series will be looked forward to with pleasure. Mr. Jones left the city Monday morning for an eastern lecture tour of nearly a fortnight, in the course of which he will visit Cleveland, Meadville, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Washington, returning to Chicago by the 22d. On Sunday, January 16, his place on the Central Music Hall platform will be filled by Mr. Blake.

—The Monday noon Union Teachers' meeting considered "The Book that was Found", Deuteronomy. Mr. Blake was the leader and he began by saying that nobody knows certainly who was the author of this book, whether Jeremiah had any part in its production, whether his father Hilkiah was the high priest of that name concerned in the "discovery" of the "Book of the Law"—all is conjecture with a high degree of probability that the book found was not lost, and that it is preserved in our Deuteronomy. Mr. Blake then spoke somewhat at length in regard to the relation of Deuteronomy to the Pentateuch or rather the *Hexateuch*, as the Book of Joshua is an integral part of the "Mosaic" book. This Hexateuch is a rope of three strands: the Jahvistic portion, Deuteronomy and the Elohist portion. The Elohist part was until very recently considered the oldest, but the above order is that now accepted by the advanced school of critics. Some orthodox critics are still laboring to establish the Mosaic authorship of the whole. Mr. Utter said that the lesson for the children is the ten commandments. This led to the authorization of the printing of the commandments in a condensed form for the use of the schools.

—There was a meeting of the Channing Club Thursday evening, January 6, at which the ladies were invited. Rev. Kristofer Janson read a story of his own writing, which was much enjoyed by the company. He and Mr. Joseph Shippen also added a few songs to the entertainment of the evening.

Philadelphia.—The Unitarians at Mr. May's church are about to celebrate the (I think) 63d anniversary of Dr. Furness's assumption of the pastorate there.

—Mr. Ames has exchanged with Mangasarian, of the Independent Christian church.

—Mr. Gannett is to speak on the Sunday of the 16th before Mr. Weston's society, using, on that occasion, a discourse on "The Faith of Ethics". It is not known at present that he will speak elsewhere during his stay. It is possible that Mr. Jones, who is expected here about the same time, may deliver his Browning lecture in Mr. Clifford's church at Germantown. There are earnest souls in this quiet town, in whom these visitors will find welcome and lovers. In that high human atmosphere which stands for generosity and courage of spirit, we hope we are able to appreciate their lofty ideals of unity and justice.

—Sunday evening, January 2, Mr. Weston was given a reception by the members of his society. In numbers and cheer, and practical result in matters of conference, the event was eminently successful. Professor Adler, who had spoken in the morning as to the religious training of the young, was present at the second meeting, with not less of social suavity than usually expresses itself in him. It may be remarked here that the membership of the society is being rapidly augmented this winter—indeed, moves with a surprising emphasis—and with the accretion of force the plans ahead adopt breadth and color. The evening school for working boys has been a feature more and more touched to excellence, and the New Year's dinner given to the bright-witted waifs made havoc of all fears that the labor would be valueless. H. L. T.

Sheffield, Ill.—The work here has been carried on for the last seven weeks by Rev. J. Fisher, and will continue in his hands for some time longer.

St. Joseph, Mo.—Services were conducted here last Sunday by Rev. E. Powell. Rev. S. S. Hunting is expected for the coming Sunday.

Madison, Wis.—On January 30, Rev. J. H. Crooker will exchange with Rev. Florence E. Kollock, of Englewood, Ill.

An Awful Doom

of any nature is usually avoided by those who have foresight. Those who read this who have foresight will lose no time in writing to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, to learn about work which they can do at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 and upwards per day and live at home, wherever they are located. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. You are started free. Both sexes. All ages. Particulars free. A great reward awaits every worker.

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